

their school work. I never could laugh, as some mothers do, if a boy or girl brought home a bad report. After all, doing their school work is for the time being their job in life and I have always tried to make clear to them that no one has a right to slack his job. That is exactly how their father feels about it; if possible, he feels more strongly on the subject than I do, because he couldn't have the schooling he provides for his children. One of our boys tried to argue the point with him, hinting that education wasn't "so much" because father didn't have it—and now look at father!

"I had the luck to be one out of a million," the Governor told him. "You're not running such a chance—you're to have an education." He was thinking of this interview, I know, when he wrote in his 1923 message to the New York Legislature: "Anybody desiring to have a proper understanding of the necessity for an education need only talk to the man who was denied it."

Sometimes it seems to me that nine-tenths of the secret of bringing up a family of children sensibly lies in bringing them up in the home. Are not many of the developments of modern young life which worry mothers traceable to outside influences, to pleasures and friends not intimately associated with the family life? Of course, if a father and mother spend most of their time out of the home the children will follow suit. Or if the minute children enter their home they are hushed and repressed then, too, the boys and girls will stay at home as little as possible.

I decided when my children were babies that I would keep them at home not by force, but by attraction. Home, to them, has always meant "good times." It has meant a welcome to their friends: the door is ever open to the boys and girls my boys and girls like. Home has meant simplicity and laughter and good-natured teasing, impromptu children's parties, after-dinner "sings" in which husband and myself join, putting on the phonograph records and pushing back the rugs whenever the youngsters want a dance, lengthening the luncheon or dinner table to include any child guest. One of the features of our life in Albany which we all have enjoyed is the motion-picture machine the Governor had installed in the Executive Mansion to give us home movies every night. The friends of all the children have the habit of dropping in.

One advantage, it seems to me, of marrying early and of not putting off one's family is that, even when they are young men and young women, father and mother are young enough to play with them. There is no desire on the part of my young people to attend questionable parties, since we all enjoy our pleasures together.

When they went out to school entertainments I went with them—not as a bored chaperon but as somebody who wanted to go to the party. And so I have always known what they were doing, who were their friends, not because I spied on them but because I shared with them.

I played with them and they worked with me. The old adage that "many hands make light work" can come true in every big family if the mother begins right with her babies. When I asked five-year-old Emily to wipe the forks and spoons, or sent Alfred on an errand to the grocery, they didn't mind. It was like "playing house" to them. They helped take care of Catherine and Arthur when those two came along, and all of them had a hand in bringing up my youngest boy, Walter.

Even after we had more money and therefore there was less work for all of us, I always insisted that each child should have certain duties or tasks, for the performance of which he would be held responsible. The younger boys, for example, must look after their pets; we have almost a menagerie in Albany.

There is a monkey, three coons, an alligator, turtles, goldfish, canary birds, chickens, gold and silver peacocks and two baby lambs. Then both Arthur and Walter have their ponies, to which they are devoted and of which they take all the care even down to ordering the hay; the Governor has a police dog and I have my Pom.

I don't think I could bring up children without pets in the house; they help to inculcate not only a sense of responsibility but the spirit of kindness and of service to dependent creatures.

Kindness and truthfulness are the two virtues which it has seemed to me most important that my children should possess. I should be particularly unhappy if I thought any one of them could be guilty of that worst form of unkindness and falsity combined—snobbery. There never has been any trace of it in them; they are as fond of their old friends as the Governor and I are of ours. The best way to teach children not to be snobs is never to be snobbish one's self.

A great deal of example, a few commands, a firm but quiet assumption that those given will be obeyed—that sums up the rule and discipline of the Smith family. We, the parents, tried to be the sort of people we wanted our children to become.

We never in our lives nagged

them and we didn't take them too seriously. In one sense, of course, children are the most serious thing in life; but I do not believe in magnifying and dramatizing every trifling incident in their lives.

Now and then the time comes when there is a "must," and on those occasions neither the children's father nor myself has the slightest difficulty in obtaining obedience. The reason, I believe, is that they know beyond the least shadow of a doubt that we want them to be happy; and therefore, if we refuse them anything, they believe we have some really good reason and they do not feel aggrieved or even argumentative. It seems to me that the most enlightened of all governments is that of our country and so I have tried to make our home a little republic—a government with the consent of the governed, a place of liberty but not of license. We talk over our plans together, and they have a way of turning to me and saying: "Now, let's see what the chairman thinks about it." I like that.

What have I brought up my children for? What are my ambitions for them?

I want what they want for themselves. To choose a child's career in advance is often only a piece of parental self-indulgence. With good health, good education, the background of a good and happy home, each boy or girl ought to be able to find his or her place in life. I am not afraid that mine will make serious mistakes, if allowed to use their own judgment and to follow their own inclination.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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SUN AND SNOW
A man's voice, the voice of Peter the Rock, had called Him the Son of Man; another voice issuing from a cloud was to call Him the Son of God.

Very high is the three-peaked mountain of Hermon, covered with snow even in the hot season, the highest mountain of Palestine, higher than Mount Tabor. The Psalmist says, "It is the dew of Hermon that descends upon the mountains of Zion." Jesus became incarnate light on this mountain, the highest mountain in the life of Christ, that life which marks its different stages by great heights—the mountain of the Temptation, the mountain of the Beatitudes, the mountain of the Transfiguration, the mountain of the Crucifixion.

Three Disciples alone were with Him: he who was called Peter, and the Sons of Thunder,—the man with the rugged, mountainous character, and the stormy men—fitting company for the place and hour. He prayed alone, apart from them, higher than all of them, perhaps kneeling in the snow. All of us have seen in winter how the snow on a mountain makes any other whiteness seem dull and drab. A pale face seems strangely dark, white linen seems dingy, paper looks like dry clay. The contrary of all this was seen on that day up in the gleaming, deserted height alone in the sky.

Jesus prayed by Himself apart from the others. Suddenly His face shone like the sun and His raiment became as white as snow in the sunshine, white "as fuller's earth" can white them. Over the whiteness of the snow a more brilliant whiteness, a splendor more powerful than all known splendors, outshone all earthly light.

The Transfiguration is the Feast and the Victory of Light. Jesus still in the flesh—for so short a time!—took on the most subtle, the lightest and most spiritual aspect of matter. His body awaiting its liberation became sunlight, the light of Heaven, intellectual and supernatural light; His soul transfigured in prayer shone out through the flesh, pierced with its flaming whiteness the screen of His body and His garments, like a flame consuming the walls which close it in, and flashing through them.

But the light was not the same on His face and on His raiment. The light of His face was like the sun; that of His garments was like the brilliance of snow; His face, mirror of the soul, took on the color of fire; His garments, mere material stuff, were white like ice. For the soul is sun, fire, love; but the garments, all garments,—even that heavy garment which is called the human body,—are opaque, cold, dead; and can shine only by reflected light.

But Jesus, all light, His face gleaming with quite refugence, His garments shining white—gold sparkling in the midst of silver—was not alone. Two great figures, returned from death, gleaming like Him, stood by Him, and spoke with Him, Moses and Elias. The first of the Prophets, men of light and fire, came to bear witness to the new Light which shines on Hermon. All those who have spoken with God remain radiant with light. The face of Moses when he came down from Mt. Sinai had become so resplendent that he covered it with a veil, lest he dazzle the others. And Elias was caught up to Heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by fiery steeds. John, the new Elias, announced the baptism of fire, but his face was darkened by the sun and did not shine like the sun. The only splendor which came into his life was the golden platter on which his

bloody head was carried, a kingly gift to Herod's sinister concubine. But on Hermon there was One whose face shone more than Moses' and whose ascension was to be more splendid than that of Elias,—He whom Moses had promised and who was to come after Elias. They had come there beside him, but they were to disappear thereafter forever. They were no longer necessary after this last revelation. From now on the world can do without their laws and their hopes. A luminous cloud hid the glorious three from the eyes of the obscure three, and from the cloud came out a voice: "This is my beloved Son; hear Him."

The cloud did not hide the light, but increased it. As from the tempest-cloud, the lightning darts out to light up suddenly all the country; from this cloud already shining in itself, flamed out the fire which burned up the Old Covenant and confirmed to all eternity the New Promise. The column of smoke which guided the fleeing Hebrews in the desert towards Jordan, the black cloud which hid the ark in the day of desolation and fear, had finally become a cloud of light so brilliant that it hid even the sun. The splendor of the face which was soon to be buffeted in the dark days, close at hand.

But when the cloud disappeared, Jesus was once more alone. The two precursors and the two witnesses had disappeared. His face had taken on its natural color. His garments had their everyday aspect. Christ, once more a loving brother, turned back to his swooning companions. "Arise, and be not afraid." Tell the vision to no man, until the son of man be risen again from the dead."

The transfiguration forecasts the Ascension; but to die in shame always precedes rising in glory.

I SHALL SUFFER MANY THINGS
Jesus had known that He must soon die a shameful death. It was the reward for which he was waiting and no one could have defrauded Him of it. He who saves others is ready to lose himself; he who rescues others necessarily pays with his person (that is, with the only value which is really his and which surpasses and includes all other values); it is fitting that he who loves his enemies should be hated even by his friends; he who brings salvation to all nations must needs be killed by his own people; it suits human ideas of the fitness of things that he who offers his life should be put to death. Every benefaction is such an offense to the native ingratitude of men that it can be paid for only by the heaviest penalty. We lend ears only to the voices which cry out from the tombs, and reserve our scanty capacity for reverence for those whom we have assassinated. The only truths which remain in the fleeting memory of the human race are the truths written in blood.

Jesus knew what was awaiting Him at Jerusalem, and as later was said by one worthy to portray Him, His every thought was colored by the thought of death. Three times they had already tried to kill Him: the first time at Nazareth when they took Him up on the summit of the mountain where the city was built and wished to cast Him down; the second time in the Temple, the Jews, offended by His talk, laid their hands on stones to stone Him; and a third time at the feast of the Dedication in winter-time, they took up the stones of the street to silence Him. But for these three times he escaped because His hour was not yet come.

He kept His certainty of death in His own heart for Himself alone until His last hours. For He did not wish to sadden His Disciples who would have shrunk from following a condemned man, a man who in His own heart knew Himself at the point of death. But after the triple consecration as Messiah—the anointing of Bethany—He could no longer keep silence. He knew too well the ingenious complacency of the Twelve. He knew that when the rare moments of enthusiasm and illumination were gone, their thoughts were often the common thoughts of common people, human even in their highest dreams. He knew that the Messiah for whom they were waiting was a victorious restorer of the Age of Gold and not the Man of Sorrows. They thought of Him as a king on his throne and not as a criminal on the gallows; they were triumphant, receiving homage and tribute, not spat upon, beaten, and insulted; come to raise the dead and not to be executed like an assassin.

Let the Disciples should lose this new certainty of Christ's Messiahship on the day of His ignominy, Christ knew that He must warn them. They must learn from His own mouth that the Messiah would be condemned, that the Victorious One would disappear in a dreadful downfall, that the

King of all kings would be insulted by Herod's servants, that the Son of God would be crucified by the ignorant, blind servants of God.

Three times they had tried to put Him to death; three times after Peter's recognition He announced to the Twelve His imminent death. And there were to be three kinds of men who were to bring about His death: the Elders, the High Priests and the Scribes. The Elders were the Patricians, the aristocrats, the lay delegates of the Hebrew middle-classes, they represented the authority and wealth, and Christ had come to transform authority into service and to condemn the rich and their treasures. The High Priests represented the Temple, and He had come to destroy the Temple. The Scribes were the doctors of law, of theology, the interpreters of the Book, the masters of the Scriptures, and represented the authority of word and of tradition; and He had come to transform the Word and to regenerate the tradition. These three orders of men never could forgive Him even after they had sent Him to Golgotha.

And there were to be three accomplices to His death: Judas who betrayed Him, Caiaphas who sentenced Him, Pilate who permitted the execution of the sentence. And there were to be three sorts of men to execute the penalty: the guards who arrested Him, the Hebrews who cried "Crucify Him!" before the procurator's house, the Roman soldiers who nailed Him on the cross.

There were to be three degrees of His afflictions, as He Himself told the disciples. First He was to be spurned and outraged, then spit upon and beaten, and finally killed. But they were not to fear nor to weep. A life has its reward in death, death is the promise of a second life. After three days, He was to rise from the tomb, never more to die. Christ was to be victorious not over earthly kingdoms, but over death. He does not bring golden treasures, nor abundance of grain, but immortality to all those who obey Him, and the cancellation of all sins committed by men. He was to buy this immortality and this liberation by imprisonment and death. The price was hard and bitter, but without those few days of His Passion and burial He could not have secured centuries and centuries of life and freedom for men. The Disciples were troubled at this revelation and unwilling to believe. But Jesus had already begun His Passion, foreseeing those terrible last days of His life and describing them. From now on the heirs of His work [knew] all, and He could go on His way towards Jerusalem in order that His words should be fulfilled to the very last.

AVIATOR'S MEDALLION

Paris, France.—The aviator Pelletier d'Olisy, who flew from Paris to Tokyo a few months ago, has just published the story of his flight. The story tells how the aviator carried a medallion, carved for him by the mechanics of his first squadron, which has been carried on all his machines since 1913. This medallion bears, on one side, a figure of Saint Christopher, bending under the weight of the Christ Child, and on the other side the prayer:

"Saint Christopher, give us a fair road and favorable weather in our that with your aid we may safely reach our destination and, at last, the gate of Eternal Salvation."

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